All Hail the High Seas

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All Hail the High Seas

by BelladonnaWyck, raiast

Summary

Hannibal had been surprised when his rival captain had asked permission to board Hannibal's ship, the Saint Sebastian, several weeks prior. Pirates rarely worked together to achieve a common goal, it simply wasn't done, too many large egos in one place making it nearly impossible to accomplish anything.

Notes

Day 10 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Pirates

Rival pirate captains can't *come* together can they? Or maybe they absolutely can...

See the end of the work for more notes

Will Graham, captain of the Ravenstag, bends beautifully when Hannibal pushes on his shoulder, moving him into position for a better angle as he fucks into him ruthlessly.

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But Will came to him with a warning about King Verger and his decision to marry his sister Margot off to the highest bidder. Anyone with sense would know it was for the sole purpose of fortifying his fleet and eradicating every pirate on the open ocean, and it seems as though Will has plenty of sense. Even if he didn't always display it in the most conventional ways.

It was a risky venture, boarding a rival ship with not even his first mate at hand, and when Hannibal had mentioned just that, questioning Graham's sanity, the young captain had merely twisted his lips into a private grin and pointed out that it would be quite rude to harm a guest bearing gifts.

The gifts in question had been, first and foremost, information, quickly followed by an offer of peace, tentative though it may be, at least as long as their common interests aligned. They had sealed the deal by breaking bread together, and found over dinner that the well of their shared interests ran deeper than either of them might have expected.

There was another sort of sealing the deal, after that, which saw Will on his knees enthusiastically demonstrating his desire to work together toward a common goal.

"Fuck, yeah, just right there -" Will gasps as Hannibal strikes against that certain spot within him, body falling lax with pleasure to drape bonelessly over the table before him.

Hannibal shifts his hand from shoulder to head, twisting his fingers in Will's unkempt curls, quickly growing damp with sweat. "I've told you I don't care for that language," he scolds, driving the point home with several rough thrusts that purposefully avoid the sensation Will seeks. He gives an irritated whine and struggles beneath Hannibal, attempting to shift himself to better the angle once again. "You'll find what you seek when you learn to behave," Hannibal reminds him, his other hand clamping down on Will's hip to keep him in place.

"You're a fucking pirate. Y'oughta try acting like one now and then," Will spits back, still insistently attempting to squirm from Hannibal's grasp.

"There's no rule that states how I must or must not act in order to call myself a pirate." Hannibal thrusts deep one more time and pauses, hips pressed to Will's lovely bottom, and leans low to bring his lips to Will's ear. "I think that would quite defeat the purpose of the whole endeavor, don't you?"

Will gives another disgruntled moan when Hannibal pulls out of him and releases him completely, and Hannibal can't quite stop the pleased smirk that twists his lips. He's found the younger captain is quite insatiable, and has vowed to himself to take full advantage of this

fact at every opportunity as long as their treaty holds out. Which, if all goes to plan, may not extend much further beyond this night.

It will almost be a shame to see Verger removed from the playing field, given their agreed upon cooperation will expire in the same moment the king does.

“Turn around.”

Will does, without hesitation, scrambling up onto the table without further instruction and reaching greedily out to Hannibal. He allows himself to be pulled closer, relishes the way Will wraps around him as soon as he can, legs twisted snuggly about Hannibal’s waist and hands clutching desperately at his shoulders. He holds Will’s gaze as he sinks in once more, the shining blue of his eyes, already dark with only the low burning candles casting light upon them, nearly eclipsed by the inky blackness of his pupils.

It’s not the first time Hannibal has seen the ocean in Will’s eyes; sunlight shining on bright waters on a clear day when he’s mirthful, the cold, sharp cut of waves of a brewing storm when anger takes him. Lost in pleasure, desirous with need, Will’s eyes remind Hannibal of the darkest ocean depths, unknown and inviting, dangerous and welcoming. Hannibal thinks he might quite enjoying drowning, if it’s anything like the pull of Will’s eyes while they fuck.

“You don’t have to be what they expect you to be,” Hannibal murmurs when he’s buried himself deep once more, his mouth only a breath from Will’s.

Will’s lips twist into a breathless smirk. “Instead I could, what, be like you?”

“You are like me,” Hannibal insists as he begins to rock his hips. “You just don’t see it yet. But I could show you, when all this is over.”

“Show me how to run my crew?” Will’s huff is a curious mix of amused and annoyed, hot against Hannibal’s lips. “Now who’s missing the point of being a pirate?”

Will’s grip turns harsh, then, his hips jerking sharply to force Hannibal deep into him once more. Hannibal’s breath catches as Will clenches fiercely around him and Will steals what’s left of it, hands slipping into his hair to haul their mouths together. When they part, it’s by millimeters only, and Will’s lips are pulled into a wide grin. “I like bein’ wild, thanks.”

“There’s something to be said for controlled chaos.” Hannibal pants against Will’s lips, composing himself before continuing. “I didn’t mean to imply I wanted to change you, Will. I simply want to help you release yourself from the shackles of expectation.”

Hannibal has seen the violence, the passion, the danger lurking in those ocean eyes. The boy was made to be a pirate, was made to take. And Hannibal only wished to show him he could be as a god. He needn’t be beholden to the laws or whims of anyone other than himself.

“You mean you want me to kill with you,” Will’s smile is wicked, his teeth bone-white and flashing viciously as he takes in Hannibal’s clear surprise, uses his temporary lapse to take over the pace, grinding himself down against Hannibal nearly violently.

“Will-“ Hannibal begins, intent on defending himself but Will interrupts him yet again.

“You didn’t think I would come aboard the ship of a rival without having first investigated him thoroughly, did you? I’ve known all along. I know you would rather it were your hands that brought Mason to his final justice. It kills you, doesn’t it? That you had to allow someone else to take that from you?” Will never stops the smooth motion of his hips, eyes intent on Hannibal.

“What if you didn’t? What if you went now, tonight, and ended his miserable existence? What if I went with you?”

Hannibal’s hips still where they are pressed tight to Will’s ass, his cock spasming as he finds his release deep within Will’s body. He groans as Will continues grinding himself down on Hannibal’s still hard shaft, quickly growing oversensitive from the continued stimulation.

“If you know who I am, then you know how dangerous it is to show your hand so brazenly. So why did you?” Hannibal wraps his fingers almost cruelly tight around Will’s cock, dragging his palm up and down its length and focussing on the head.

Will shudders in pleasure and Hannibal watches as his knuckles go white from the pressure of trying to keep himself composed. Hannibal keeps up his assault, fascinated by watching Will’s body writhe and react.

“I see you, Hannibal,” Will pants, head tipping back as his voice grows strangled in pleasure. “Maybe even better than you see yourself. You won’t kill me. Not when you find me so interesting.”

“Hm,” Hannibal hums in reply, using his free hand to pinch tightly at one of Will’s peaked nipples. He smirks viciously when Will hisses sharply through his teeth but presses into the harsh touch.

“We could go. Now, tonight. We could end him together.”

“And what of tomorrow?” Hannibal questions, digging his thumbnail into the slit of Will’s cock as he speeds up his movements, pulling a litany of lovely sounds from Will’s throat.

“Tomorrow we’ll be the most feared fleet on the seven seas,” Will gasps, his cock twitching as he spills all across his own lower abdomen and Hannibal’s fingers. Hannibal offers the messy digits to Will and is surprised when the man takes them into his mouth and sucks.

“Fleet?” Hannibal raises a brow at the implication, slipping his fingers from Will’s plush lips, tacky with spit and come.

“We’ll take his ships, obviously. Split them fifty fifty. Even stevens.”

“Fleet implies more than just a bolstering of our own independent numbers of vessels.” Hannibal steps away from Will, putting some distance between them so he can recover himself. Will always puts him at odds, but tonight especially Hannibal feels desperately close to undone.

“So we’ll bolster them together.”

Hannibal peers at the younger captain, still perched upon his table, legs spread wide to showcase the way Hannibal’s seed slips from his hole. “And who will man these new vessels? Do you have the crew trustworthy enough to split among two dozen new ships? I don’t.” He forces his gaze back to Will’s face, still an enchanting vision, but one that allows for much better focus than the sight between his thighs. “Even if I did, I wouldn’t take that from Margot. She’s the one that will be left in power when Mason is gone. I won’t do her the disservice of robbing her of a naval defense.”

Will gives a curt nod, averts his eyes, but not before Hannibal sees the disappointment in them. “On as planned, then,” he murmurs, staring at the wall to his side, the planks beneath his feet, before finally pulling back to Hannibal. “Though, if it’s all the same to you, I’d rather we seek to steer clear of one another rather than find ourselves at each other’s throats.”

“I’ve no desire to be at your throat, Will,” Hannibal ensures him, his lips twisting into a smirk as he considers his next words, “With the exception of rather more... intimate options, obviously.”

Will’s grin sends something warm pulsing through Hannibal’s chest, and he’s hard-pressed to quell his own as the younger captain slides from his seat on the table and begins to collect his clothing.

“All the same,” Will drawls casually, stepping into his trousers and rucking them back up his hips. “Fleet or not, I’m thinking maybe we’ve no need to dissolve our alliance just yet. I’ve had my eye on another that might benefit from our... shared interests. He calls himself the Dragon. Heard of him?”

Hannibal moves to collect his own clothing as well, but pauses in the seizure of his shirt as he straightens to face Will directly. “Everyone knows of the Dragon. Scourge of the Eastern coast; bogeyman to children and pirates alike. I can’t imagine what you propose to do about him. They say he’s untouchable.”

Will’s responding smirk sends Hannibal’s heart hammering in his chest, makes him want to reach out to the surprisingly vicious young man and praise him simply for his initiative. “Yeah, well; they haven’t met a pair like us, have they?”

Hannibal can’t stop his own lips from twitching into a pleased smirk, the dark creature within him yowling and bashing against the confines of his chest to draw Will closer, see what he can do. “No,” Hannibal agrees, chest light and head spinning with all of the wondrous options laid out for him. “No, they haven’t.”

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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